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H U E and C R Y,  
A F T E R A  
J A C O B I T E,  
O R  
L O U I S I A N.

And a True Character to Know and Distinguish HIM.

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Licenced *August* the 5th.

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**A** J A C O B I T E or *Louisian*, is a certain Animal of the *Doubtful Gender*, with an *English* Face, a *French* Heart, a *Jesuits* Conscience, and an *Irish* Valour, a Creature with a Brazen-Forehead, a Thick Skull, Hair Brains, *Bogtrattin* Feet, Supple Hams, and Blood-thirsty Arms. He pursues the last Syllable of his Name, to Bite and Stab a Christian to the Heart, and afterwards Begs his Pardon, that he was mistaken, assuring that no more Blood, (till he has another Opportunity,) shall be shed upon his ac-

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count; he Dilplays a Red Banner, with the device, or Motto, of *Nimny Mac Nero, Jemy Transub*, to shew that he maintains the cause of the Scarlet Whore, but is grown of late so wonderful Bashful at the approach of an Enemy, that he avoids and shuns his Company as Beggars do a Whipping-post, yet he boasts that he is of the Race of *Noddites*, and retains the Principles of *Cain* the Murderer, and bears the Arms of *Issachar*, being an *Ass Couchant*, and seems descended from *Esau*, being so ready to Truck away an Invaluable Birth-right of Liberty, and Property, for a *French* Kickshaw and a Nauseous Mess of *Irish* Potage; he stiles himself an English man, yet acts in all things as *Antipodes* to his Native Countrey, and pretends high, and Swears, *God dam him, he is of the Church of England*; but as he understands not her Doctrine, so he dishonors her by his Lewd Conversation, and is look'd upon by his Parishioners as a Thief, who secretly steals himself therein, to give opportunity to let his Complotters in to Rob the house. He is a Crab Protestant that Crawls Backwards towards *Ireland*, or at Best, the Cats Foot, which the Romish Monkeys makes use of to pull their sinking Cause out of the Fire.

This Creature is a Protestant in Masquerade, a Jesuits Advocate, a Popish Solicitor, a King *James's* Votary; and tho' they Load him like Asses with Burthens, has not the wit to foresee they only put upon him to do their Drudgery, and must expect *Polyphemus's*



*mus's* Courtesie, *To be devoured the Last*; to talk Soberly with him of Religion, he flaps you over the Mouth with Fanaticism, and Faction, and Confutes you with the Appellation of Confounded Whigg, and tho' he was one of the first that assisted in Endeavouring our Bless'd Reformation, pursuing those Wild Boars that would have rooted up the Constitution, and break the Ballance of our happy Government, yet for want of the gratification his Ambition aim'd at, turns a Grumbletonian Rebel to King *William*, Sowing the Tares of Sedition, but will reap Hemp in Exchange, and the Hangman will have the Cutting of many of them of the Simples: His discourse is all Sham, Noise, and Nonsense, whose Wit and Courage bears equal force with that of his Cause. His Breeches are empty of Cash, to cheat the Pick-pockets withall. Whereby you may know him by the Chalk on Peoples doors, and that he is certain in nothing, but breaking of his word.

In fine a True *Jacobite*, is *Transubstantiated* into a State Catterpillar, which devours every green thing in a flourishing Kingdom, being far more pernicious and destructive to this *British* Isle, then the Locusts and Caterpillers were to *Egypt*; for they Stab Liberty and Property to the very Heart, that themselves, like Beasts of Prey, may wholly live upon Spoile and Rapine, fit Subjects only for *Nebuchadnezzar*, to herd with the wild Asses in the Desert, to tell a First Rate *Jacobite*, of the Glorious Progress of King *William's* Arms, against the Enemy in *Ireland*,  
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he Replies, what's that to the Success of the Fleet; and the designs of that Invincible Monarch the *Grand Lewis*, who with his Missionary Dragoons is on the Coast, to settle both the Protestant Religion, and King *James* in the Throne: to Ask him, who shall adventure to put the Chain about the Lyons Neck when he comes amongst us? he'll Answer, we ought to trust Providence, and Consider of that afterwards, Preaching up the Doctrine of *Fure Divino-ship*, Non-Resistance, and Passive Obedience, and has the Vanity to Cajole us, That the *French* King will Religiously preserve both our Liberties and our Laws, using the Protestants with the like tenderness as his own Subjects, meaning the *Hugonots*; But he is grown of late so squeemish, that a Lawful Oath strangely disturbs his Maw, but on a sudden the Muligrubs have Violently possessed him, and is taken with a fit of Singing *Lacryma* to his Cause; the Truth is, to miscarry thus in Projects, would make a Priest out-swear a loosing Gamster. But Cheers and Bouys himself up, with the Glimmering prospect of a *French* descent, tho'tis not in the least doubted, the Destruction they design for this Nation, will Revert upon their own Heads, and then their Boasted Loyalty will extend no farther, then a few Drunken Healths, turning Rebel to the Idol they set up, for let him Roar and Swagger what he can, he'll continue no farther Faithful, than as his Prince drops his Pence, for its not the Cause, like that of Old *Hodg*, but the Crust he barks for.

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